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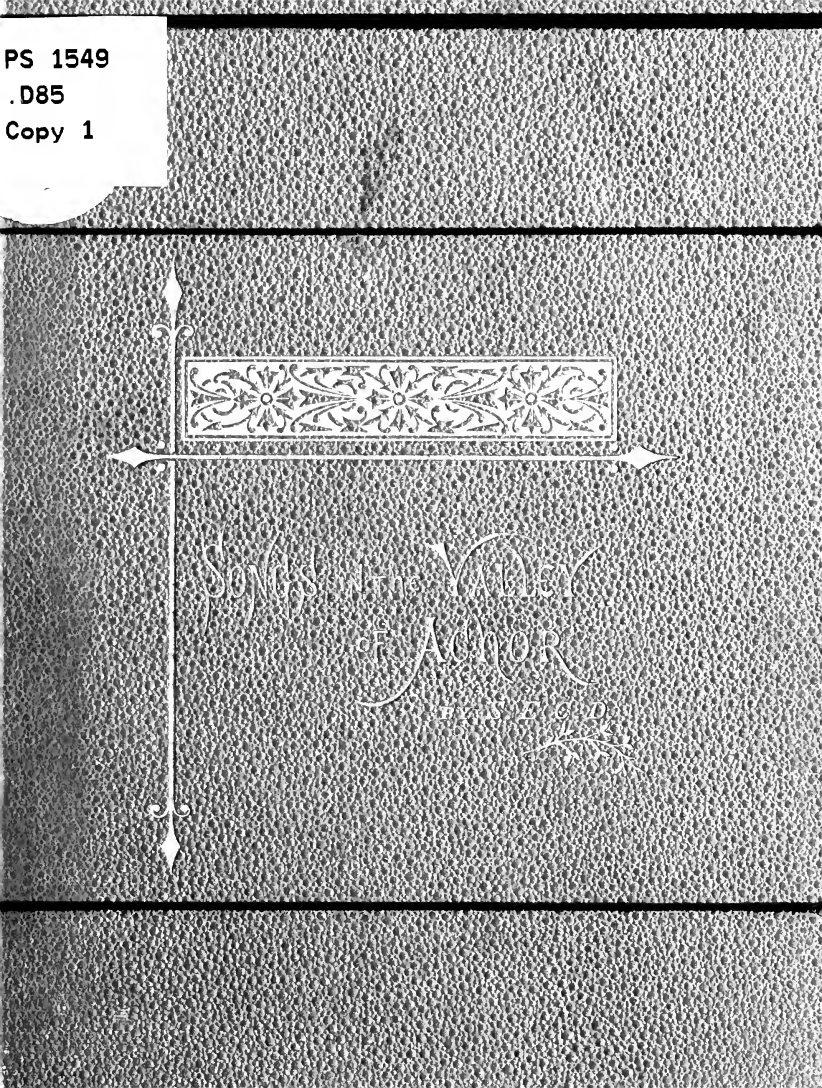

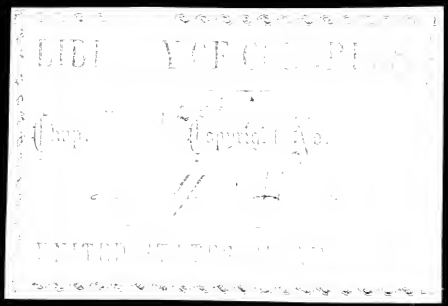

SONGS IN THE VALLEY OF ACHOR.

SONGS IN THE VALLEY OF ACHOR.

BY

SOPHIE E. C. DOWNING,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION.

In Memoriam.

"AND SHE SHALL SING THERE."—*Hosea* ii. 15.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DEDICATION,	i
INTRODUCTORY SKETCH,	iii
THE VALLEY OF ACHOR,	1
WATCHING AND WAITING,	4
WHOSE HOUSE ARE WE?	9
PASSION FLOWERS,	11
"WE ARE A SPECTACLE (THEATRE) UNTO THE WORLD,"	13
"TO KNOW HIM AND THE FELLOWSHIP OF HIS SUFFERINGS,"	16
SHADOWS ON THE DOOR,	19
LILIES,	21
JEWELS,	23
ONE LIGHT,	24
RED AND WHITE CARNATIONS,	26
IF SO BE WE SUFFER WITH HIM,	28
"HE THAT HATH THE KEY OF DAVID,"	32
A HEART CRY,	35
"THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE,"	37
THE TWO KNOCKINGS,	39
WHAT *WAS* DEATH?	46
WHAT *IS* DEATH?	47

PAGE

WATCH, ... 49

AFRAID, ... 51

"LET HIM KISS ME WITH THE KISSES OF HIS MOUTH," 55

"I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH," 57

"MY LORD DELAYETH HIS COMING," 58

A THANKSGIVING HYMN, ... 60

"THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALLETH FOR THEE," 62

SELECTIONS FROM EARLIER POEMS.

THE GRACIOUS INVITATION, ... 67

"I AM THY SALVATION," 69

THE ATTRACTING POWER OF THE CROSS, . . . 72

NOTHING CAN HARM THE CHRISTIAN, ... 76

"WHEN I AM WEAK, THEN AM I STRONG," . . 78

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL, ... 80

"SHADOWS," 82

LIGHT, ... 83

"HE KNOWS AND HE LOVES," 85

OCTOBER 31ST., 1867, ... 87

DEDICATION.

SAVIOUR, these songs are Thine!
For, if within my soul, there is one trace
Of holy love, or heavenly fire,
Of noble thought or pure desire,
And it was planted by Thy wondrous grace;
Therefore, these songs are Thine!

Saviour, these songs are Thine!
Though sung in accent faltering and weak,
Yet of a heart entirely given to Thee,
Of earnest love for Him who died for me,
Most dear and loving Master, let them speak;
Saviour, these songs are Thine!

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

I.

"To the praise of the glory of His grace."

IN that day when the Lord of Hosts makes up His jewels, He will not hide them or show them only to a favored few; but, since their beauty is His workmanship, and their comeliness His glory, He will, we may believe, be admired in them by all His hosts.

So also, if, even before that day, the traces of His wonderful working, and the comeliness He puts upon any of the souls He loves, be easily discernible, and worthy of special and grateful recognition and admiration, they should not be — He would not have them—hidden from the knowledge of His people here on earth. They are a theatre on which His gracious dealings, the wonders of His transforming, sanctifying, and supporting power are displayed, to cheer and instruct,

to comfort and encourage others in the way, and it is "to the praise of the glory of His grace" to make them known.

The songs of which this little volume is composed, were mostly written during the last few weeks of the earthly life of such a saint of God. The emotions to which they give utterance, however, were nothing new in her experience. For many years her lot, though marked by many and peculiar blessings, had been also one of peculiar suffering and many trials, through which, long before the end, she learned to walk—not simply submissive to her dear Lord's will, but gladly, rejoicing, glorying even in infirmity. It was no new thing for her to sing in the night season a song of her Beloved, nor to talk of His faithfulness all the day long. Those who knew her most intimately will most unhesitatingly testify to the truth of her own declaration,—

> "I have long lived in the glory,
> Fadeless, ineffable, bright,"

of His countenance, and of the land of which He is the light.

Of a naturally delicate constitution, the provi-

dence of God—mysterious to others, yet never questioned by her—placed her in circumstances where its utmost strength was tried and finally exhausted. From a child instructed in the Scriptures, and so early made wise unto salvation through faith that is in Jesus Christ, that she could never remember the time when she did not love Him, her naturally ardent and even enthusiastic temperament, fired with love and zeal for Him, was constantly urging her to *do* something, and something worthy, for Him who had done so much for her. Wherever and whenever it was possible, the strength she had was freely given to His service. Even risks that would appall many a heart, and sacrifices from which most would shrink, were gladly accepted by her that she might do what she could to glorify her Lord, and lead others also to know and taste the riches of His grace. For a short time, in youth, she took great delight in teaching in the Sabbath-school, as also at long intervals and for brief periods in later years.

During the earlier portions of her married life, her husband was connected with the United States Army as Assistant Surgeon, in the hospitals

at Washington, and in the frontier posts of New Mexico. On one occasion, the miserable remnant of a little company of emigrants was brought by soldiers into Fort Union—the fort of which her husband was then surgeon-in-charge. The party had consisted originally of twelve persons, but was reduced by the ravages of small-pox to five, who were themselves helpless with the same disease. She immediately went to them, washed them, visited them daily, seeking to guide the dying to the Lamb of God, and to secure the complete recovery of the rest. Those who did recover were unable to comprehend why a strange and delicate lady should come, day after day, to perform the most menial offices for strangers. She all the time rejoiced that the Lord had given her this opportunity to honor Him, by visiting the sick and pointing the eyes of the dying to His cross.

Yet even the ordinary avenues and opportunities of service, so freely open to others, were, for the greater part of her life, closed to her. The Lord had appointed for her another—and what she felt increasingly to be a higher service, one in which she came to take great delight—the service of suffering. That service began early and lasted

to the utmost bound of her earthly life. In the privations and hardships of frontier life, cut off from society and friendship not only, but even from the kindly offices of woman, where those offices are most needed and most grateful; under the loss of two infant sons, successively born to her in her exile, and gladdening her heart for a brief space, and then taking their flight to Him who gave them; through months and years of weary and distressing sickness, which confined her for months together to a couch of sleeplessness and pain—sickness and pain so unbroken, that in her last illness she declared that for fifteen years she had not known what it was to be free from suffering or enjoy a restful night; under painful and protracted medical and surgical treatment of the severest character; under all these and more, her constant testimony was, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." So strengthened, she manifested ever the same unfailing patience, the same cheerful courage, the same joy in tribulation, the same glad acceptance of the lot of suffering, instead of the coveted yoke of service.

With reference to these sufferings, she once said,

years ago, "My friends often *pity* me who am far above pity; they ought rather to envy me." Her courage was often the admiration of her physicians, as of all who knew her. Yet of it she said: "I do not bear; I cast it all on Jesus. I just say, 'Lord. I cannot bear it; thou must bear it for me.' Dr. F—— used to say I was brave. But it was not I; I cannot stand it at all myself. My weakness has been my salvation." This was her joy for years, and increasingly, to the very end. To her, neither pain nor pleasure seemed to come amiss, nor to be preferred before the other, since in both she walked with Him. For pleasure was the smile of His countenance, and every pain a token in a different guise, of His faithful and exhaustless love.

As she drew nearer to the "half-open" door, through which at length she passed into His presence, the hope of other service was laid aside. Even the cherished desire to serve Him with her pen was given up, and the wish grew, not simply to suffer for her Lord, but with Him. This was her constant desire, to know ever more of the fellowship of His sufferings. This was her comfort, that He was showing it to her. This was her prayer, that He would not cease till she had

learned perfectly all that He had to teach her in this school of grace so rare and precious. And this was her abounding and increasing joy, that to her it was thus given to offer Him a service which even Heaven cannot know; for *there* is "no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

If, therefore, this little sketch should aim especially to preserve and present the memory of those later and last days, in which, in the depths of the "Valley of Achor," and watching the shadows on the "door of hope," she sang there those songs *given* to her, as she loved to think, by Him who had led her thither, it will not be wondered at. Two motives, were there no others, would suffice to lead in that direction: *first*, that it may appear that these "Songs of the Valley of Achor" are not the utterance of a mere poetic fervor, but of a real Christian experience; a conscious and a constant attitude of patient expectation for the coming of her Lord. And, *second*, that it may be seen, "to the praise of His glory," how faithfully and tenderly, and how wonderfully the Lord, whom she trusted, fulfilled to her every word on which for years He had caused her to hope.

For thus her longing desire will be most fully gratified, when her "Wonderful Jesus" is most fully honored in His grace to her. The words He spoke to *her* heart, are words fit to comfort the hearts of all His people in such places, proving, as they do, how by His presence and His grace the weakest may be made strong to bear the heaviest burden; the most impulsive, calmly and quietly confident in Him; the most delicate and shrinking, full of joy in suffering, and gladness in the approach of death—"not in the least afraid," but rather thrilled with a rapture of delight at the thought of meeting her Beloved; how sickness and pain and sorrow may, by the same grace, be transfigured into a more than angelic service, and even death robe itself in light.

For years she had lived in the constant conviction that death might be very near. More than three years before the final summons came for which she waited, she wrote to one whom she loved: "Yesterday I found myself dwelling more than usual on the thought which is always uppermost with me in sickness, 'What if this sickness should be the key to unlock that door?' You know what I love to think:

"'Death holds no more dark tryst;
There is no Death. Only a door
Is opened, and forevermore
The Christian is with Christ.'

"Dear ——, if I go before you, will you say a few words to those who come together to take a last look at my worn-out 'dwelling-house?' And will you take for your text, 'The Master is come and calleth for thee;' or, 'Be of good comfort, rise, He calleth thee'—whichever you like best. You would speak of the fullness of glory, of the unspeakable rapture of being called. You would tell how Jesus has been my Strength and Joy, through all my pilgrimage, and how He will be the Light and Crown of Heaven. If there is but one hymn sung—and I should like one—I should like—

"'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds;'

or,

"'Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With gladness fills my breast;'

and if two,

"'There is a land of pure delight.'

When you fulfill this request I shall be there, praising as I ought. Think of it!"

Yet this conviction, as will be seen already,

cast no shadow on her life, nor even gave the faintest tinge of an unhealthy color to the views she took of it. With all her soul she entered into its pure pleasures. The grace that wrought in her, heightened her joy in living and loving, because, through every cherished object, and in each event, God seemed to speak to her and tell her of His love. "I never come into a room where flowers are," she said, "without feeling that it is a holy place; God seems to have taken such special pains with each leaf."

In every engagement or duty, even the least and apparently most trivial, as well as in every pleasure and delight, she loved to feel that her Lord had a part. "I never dressed myself without doing it for Jesus."

And in the letter from which the quotation above was made, she wrote: "I am very happy, and have everything to bind me to earth. The very love which makes the longing to see the King in His beauty so intense, says, gladly and sincerely, 'Thy will be done.' And that very love and longing make the earth-life brighter, happier, holier."

Perhaps it was her strong and growing desire

that, as she felt on this subject, others might be brought to feel, that caused her to speak so much of death, even so long before her departure. Not seldom brought to face it very closely, as it seemed to her, and finding how little real power it had to harm a believing soul, it seemed to her a thing un-Christian, a thing unworthy the disciples and friends of Him "who hath abolished death," to shrink from it. It was no longer, and it could not be, the coming of the "King of Terrors," but of the returning Lord Himself, to call and carry home His own, whom He had loved unto the end. This thought will be found running through many of the Songs, repeating itself in them like a glad refrain of joyful expectation. So strong was this feeling, that her pleasure in her favorite hymn—

"My faith looks up to Thee,"

was unmistakably diminished by the thought in the opening lines of the last stanza—

"When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll."

It seemed to her nearer the truth to sing—

"Death like a narrow stream divides
That heavenly land from ours"—

a narrow stream not only, but one through which

her Jesus would lead her dry-shod, through the way He Himself had opened, into rest.

That those she loved, and those especially who, through fear of death, were subject to bondage, might share with her this precious faith, was her constant desire. "If I were a minister," she would say, "it seems to me that I would often preach about dying in such a way as to show how happy a thing it is for a Christian." And when, as she came to die, she found the strength and peace and joy of it to be all, and more than all, she had anticipated, she gladly saw and even sent for many whose peace she had at heart, that she might testify and they might see the faithfulness of *their* Saviour in His grace to her.

Yet though so fearless of dying, and made to feel that death in almost any form would be "surcease of sorrow" and relief from pain, she was not only kept, to the very end, from any shrinking from the fullest measure of pain and suffering the Lord might see fit to mete out to her, but she rejoiced in it. So long as He withheld not Himself He might send or withhold what He would, her heart was glad with exceeding and unfailing joy.

"I feel sometimes," she writes, "as if heaven were begun on earth. And, indeed, if it be true that Christ is heaven, and heaven is Christ, it is heaven wherever He is. It would be utterly impossible for me to tell you how He blesses me. He has answered my prayer, 'Say unto my soul I am thy salvation.' He floods my life with His own glory. Everything is bright in His smile. 'The Lord will command His loving-kindness in the day-time, *and in the night* His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.' It is literally fulfilled, so that often it is an effort not to obey literally the injunction, 'Let them sing aloud upon their beds.' The rest of it I cannot help obeying, 'Let the saints be joyful in glory, and let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.' That is the beauty of it—*it is* in my King. I never was more sure that I was rejoicing, not in His gifts, but in Himself. For this has been a trying summer. I have not gained strength. Indeed, I think I lose; and my pain is absolutely without cessation save when I sleep, and then it wakes me and keeps me awake. I tell you this only that you may imagine a little of the magnitude of that grace which not only helps me to

endure, but transforms *here* every cross into a crown. I can only cry, 'Blessed be the LORD GOD, which daily *loadeth* me with benefits;' and 'Thy marvellous loving-kindness!' is the constant exclamation of my heart and lips."

And so it was. For weeks before her end, almost the most frequent utterance in recognition of some new and unexpected mercy was, "That was my wonderful Jesus." "My *wonderful* Jesus." "Is He not wonderful?" And these utterances, so far from being the language of extravagant and exceptional emotion, or of periods of peculiar and exalted feeling, only express the constant tenor of her joyful faith for months and years, which was as "absolutely without cessation" as the pain of which she speaks. Through all the painful discipline, these two thoughts were ever uppermost: that by it He was teaching her, and that in it she was glorifying Him. "How can I do anything," she wrote, "but glory in infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me? I have been wondering lately whether Paul *could* have written Hebrews. 'No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous,' does not chime with what he says elsewhere. 'The

fellowship of His sufferings' is a *present* blessedness. It needs not to await the 'afterward,' to show the joy and strength found therein."

So, joyfully as well as steadfastly enduring, waiting with quiet submission to His will the indications of her Lord's purpose concerning her, not too eagerly elate, nor longing to depart, nor yet ever once shrinking in timidity or "earthly clinging," she went on to the end, "leaning upon her Beloved."

"I am looking forward to the coming winter with joyous and yet awe-struck anticipations, for I know that I am entering upon a new term in my school-life. I know that the lessons set for me are higher, holier, more glorious, than any I have learned yet. I know, too, that they will be harder to learn; but the harder they are, the tenderer and more patient is my Teacher; the more He helps me, the faster I learn. I think, sometimes, perhaps I am almost through school. I am certainly growing weaker. I do not know how it will be. I do know that either way, whether He keeps me here, or takes me to Himself, it will be fullness of joy!"

The winter had little more than begun, when

she heard the welcome voice, for which she waited and listened day and night,

"I have come
To take thee home;"

and the long school-days were ended.

II.

"We are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men."

THE end was manifestly near, and those who loved her, and also longed after her for the exceeding grace of God which was in her, were wont to make as frequent visits as possible to the chamber where she lay, and whence at last her freed spirit took its heavenward flight. It would be impossible to convey to any one who had not been so privileged as to see it, or scenes like this, where Christ displayed the riches of His grace, any conception of the sweet peace of that room of unceasing suffering, yet unclouded light. No shadow ever seemed to *rest* within it. "Are you

not glad for me?" was her smiling greeting, before which sorrow could not stand, and tears and vain regrets seemed profanation. Her gladness seemed infectious, and the weak made many strong, comforting them with the comforts with which she herself was comforted of God.

On one such visit she described a sort of waking dream, in which, to use, as nearly as may be, her own words, "I seemed to be climbing a high mountain, having its summit in the glory of heaven. I saw many others going up, beside myself, or wandering on the mountain-sides. They seemed to have easy paths, gradually ascending, while the Master's hand, taking hold of mine, seemed to lead me directly up,—straight toward the summit; over rocks and precipices, apparently impassable, right through the woods, never turning aside, nor resting, nor seeking an easier way. I hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry. I could not but be glad to reach the top so soon, led by His hand, even if the way was so hard; but it seemed a selfish thing to go so quickly and so easily, being helped so mightily, and leave all the rest behind."

The thought was suggested, that in so leading

and lifting her to himself, the Master might intend to make her a spectacle to others; that her course, made short and straight and easy by His grace, though over difficulties and through terrors that might well appall the stoutest heart without Him, must and would serve to encourage those who were led in securer, but more circuitous paths; and as they looked on her they would take the assurance of the same faithful and Almighty care, and the same blessed and triumphant end. As they gazed on her, they could not but look upward, and looking upward, could not but see more than they had seen before of the tender faithfulness and overcoming power of Christ, the Master.

A few days afterward she wrote, in one of the very last notes from her pencil: "You gave me a treasure in calling my attention to that passage in 1 Cor. iv. 9. After you left I *studied* it. The margin is '*theatre*.' It overwhelmed me almost, while it exalted me. Who thinks of the platform on which the actor stands, the walls within which he speaks, while hanging entranced upon his thrilling accents, his matchless genius? To be the theatre on which Jesus displays His wondrous

grace and power! What greater, higher honor can He give me here?"

In these remaining pages, a few tokens of that grace and power are gathered, which He displayed upon the theatre He had so prepared for Himself, during the last few weeks of her earthly life; weeks that can never be forgotten by those who were so blessed as to see with their own eyes the "acting" of the Master. But little has been done other than to thread together some of the utterances of the faith and joy that she made "touching (her) King," as they dropped almost unceasingly from her lips, till they ceased to speak to us at all. It will readily be seen how many of the "Songs" took their rise or suggestion from the incidents or thoughts of that time. Yet she loved to think, and unhesitatingly, believed, that they were not her own, but were *given* to her by the same loving One, who had led her into what she always loved to call "The Valley of Achor." He had given them that she might sing there of His love, after He had spoken to her heart.

On the 14th of September, 1873, she began to write, as she lay upon her bed, the thoughts that occurred to her, which she desired to leave behind

her, especially for the purpose of encouraging and comforting a few of her dear friends who were invalids, and to whom she desired that sickness might be made, as it had been to her, "a very mount of vision." "If I go before them into the full and perfect unfolding of the glory, it may perhaps cheer and help them, to read these experiences of their 'companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.'"

After some delightful meditations on the beauty, the clear atmosphere, the heavenly sweetness of "The Valley of Achor," written upon the Sabbath, Sept. 21st, there follows the song beginning:

"No sanctuary songs to-day
Fall on my ear."

On Monday, 22d, "This came to me to-day;" and then follows the song entitled "Passion Flowers."

Oct. 3. "This was given me:

'A message from the King,'" etc.

Oct. 4. "I was awakened this morning (or at least it was the first sound I heard), by a voice saying, 'I will show her how great things she shall suffer for my name's sake.' It thrilled me with a

questioning awe, 'What shall I be called to endure?'—with a reverent gratitude, 'It will be for Him.' I can imagine griefs that seem unbearable, from which heart and flesh shrink back appalled. But truly, even knowing that God has *power* to send anything, to take away anything that He chooses, still I *do* count all things but loss 'that I may know HIM and the *fellowship* of His sufferings.' That word is so sweet—the honor, the joy to be His fellows, friends, companions—what can be too much to give for that?

"There are so many things of which we say, 'Well, I cannot know it now;' or, 'I cannot do it now, but I shall in Heaven.' But that *fellowship*, if we do not know it here, we shall never know it. It is the highest class; the deepest, loftiest, most delightful lesson in all our school course. And what will it be to graduate *perfect* in that? It is the lesson He loves best to teach; being Himself the Teacher and the lesson. After breakfast, this was given to me, some promise of what the teaching shall be,"—and then follows the song entitled "The Valley of Achor."

When the power to write failed, the two songs that remained were written by other willing fin-

gers, at her dictation. Rapidly, without hesitation and without correction, as she herself had written the others, they were uttered and written as she uttered them, and are so printed, with the correction of but two or three words.

From about the 12th of October, those who were with her constantly began—without her knowledge and unobserved—to put down the "words of grace" she was continually speaking, with lips touched by Him whom she seemed even then almost to see face to face.

"The door was open a little this morning (Oct. 14), and the sun came through the east window in a narrow line of light into the room, and I felt as if I were just getting a little glimpse of my bright home. Then J—— opened the door and the light poured in upon my bed. He went out into the other room, and it seemed as if he passed into the glory. So, I thought, when my Lord comes for me, it will be only passing from my darkened room into the glory 'where He dwelleth.'"

Oct. 15. "It seems as if you must hear Jesus speaking to me; it is so real, so wonderful. It is not always in words, but such floods of rapture—such a sense of His presence with and smile upon

me. Somehow I feel as if it must be the language of Heaven I hear. Oh, I am so happy!

"I wish people would not pity me so. They think too much of my suffering. But it is not so much for me as for one not used to pain. And then my dear Lord holds me so fast, that it seems only a pleasure to suffer pain. It brings me always closer and closer to him."

Her word, after a sleepless night, was, "I have had such a blessed night; Jesus talked with me all the time. He talks of the many mansions. I do not feel as if I was to go alone, nor as if angels were to be sent for me. I know He will come for me; He has said so—and He tells me so now."

Some symptoms became more alarming October 31, yet her morning greeting was: "I am so glad; it is just as if J—— were away, and, at every station, he sent me a little note to say he was nearer."

Nov. 1. "I see Him all the time; even with my eyes open. His form robed in white, glory radiating from Him. I do not see His face, it is as if there were a veil between, and I think how soon He will turn and look upon me, and I shall see His face clearly—I see Him by my bedside; I see him coming in the door!"

In the midst of a spasm, she exclaimed: "I am so happy—so particularly happy!" and, after she was better, she said: "It seemed to me as if I could hear Jesus saying to me, over and over, 'My *dear* child,' in such a tender, loving voice, it filled my heart with rapture."

It was told her that one of her friends had said that his talks with her would have a sanctifying influence upon him, because she had made him realize the power and presence of Christ more than he had ever done before. She replied, her whole face beaming: "Oh, J——, is not that delightful? it is worth more than all my pain. I would gladly have all my limbs paralyzed, if I could only be so blessed as to show others the power and preciousness of my dear Lord Jesus."

Nov. 4. "My sleepless nights are really my good nights, for then my Lord is with me and talks to me all the time."

M—— replied, "He talks to you always, darling, in the daytime, and we are glad to have you sleep at night."

"But you know, dear M——, the songs in the night are always the sweetest."

O—— said to her, "It is hard to believe that

you are going to die; you look so bright and seem so strong."

"Of course I do," was her joyful answer; "how could I be otherwise than bright, so near the eternal glory—and strong, so near the eternal strength?"

Again, to another: "Do I look happy? I feel as if I could shout upon my bed, I am so happy. I hardly wonder that some Christians are afraid, at least feel bad to die, they seem to know so little of Jesus. But, I know Him so well, He has been such a dear *friend here*, it seems joy to go with Him *there* where I shall know him better." Adding, at another time, "It must hurt Him so to think His children are afraid to have Him come."

Nov. 5. "I have been thinking about the office of the Holy Spirit as Comforter. His work ceases here. If we went to Heaven without suffering, we could not know anything of the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, nor the sweet offices of the Comforter."

Nov. 8. "The Communion has always been so much to me. I think there is so much expressed in the taking the emblems, of the entirety in which Christ gives Himself to us—eating His flesh, drink-

ing His blood—entering into our very being. I was thinking of all this last night, and I thought if I had enjoyed such rapture here, what must it be there, where emblems have no place, but He gives *Himself* to us."

Nov. 9. "I have always heard so much of the depressing effects of dyspepsia, that I feared it might make me fretful and impatient, especially as it was so new to me; but my Lord is so good to me, that even in the most severe pain I could sing for very gladness, for He makes me so glad with His love."

Nov. 15. "I thought to-day that perhaps I was selfish to be so glad to go, but He gave me a word for you: 'You will have Heaven, but they will have Jesus.'"

The same day, she said: "Do you think He called me to-day His watching servant? and said: 'Blessed is that servant whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching.' I wish you could hear Him say 'Blessed,' He makes the word so full of meaning, it fills my soul with rapture."

"Do you know," she asked M——, "the other interpretation of that expression, 'unspeakable words which is not lawful for man to utter,' is 'not *possi-*

ble' for Him? H—— once said that he thought one reason why there could not be communication between heaven and earth was, that it would be impossible for us to understand what they who spoke should say to us. I am beginning to understand how this may be, for my soul is filled with such wonderful things I cannot find language to express them. What will it be there?"

Nov. 18. She asked M—— to repeat

"Ye angels who stand round the throne."

"I do not think that is right," she added, "to struggle and pant to be free. It is well to long after the Master, but better to do His will. I can take pleasure in my infirmities because I know they come by His will."

"How unreasonable," she said one day, "and how absurd to speak of Jesus as only a man, when 'Every man that hath heard and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me' (John vi. 45). When the whole work of the Father and the Spirit is shown to be the revealing of the Son, 'He shall not speak of Himself, He shall glorify me' (John xvi. 13, 14). Thus it grows upon you in studying the Word, that this is the object of the Scripture teach-

ing, to glorify Christ. So the study of the Word must bring us nearer to Him, make us know Him. 'The Spirit searcheth the deep things of God;' 'O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God;' 'Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God.' Is not that beautiful? and though 'Eye hath not seen, etc., God *hath* revealed them by His Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.' 'All the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him, amen.' Whenever you begin to study the Bible, no matter what the subject is, you always end in Christ. I never thought of that word '*depths*' so much before. 'The Spirit searcheth the depths. In Him are *hid* all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.' That is *my* Redeemer, and 'His name shall be called Wonderful.'"

It was by that Name she loved to speak of Him. It was ever on her lips, "My wonderful Jesus." "I think," she said, "that is almost the best of His many beautiful names, He is such a wonderful, wonderful Lord;" and when asked one time for a last message for a dear absent friend, her reply was, "What better word could I give her than, my wonderful Jesus."

She commenced quoting, "All things are yours, whether Paul"— As she stopped there, A—— added, "or Apollos," etc. "No," she said, "'whether Paul'—I love to stop there; the Lord showed Paul that His grace was sufficient, so I learned of him; Paul's experience is mine, Paul is mine."

To M——, who was brushing her hair to soothe the pain, she said: "When He comes for me, He'll brush by you." And on M——'s saying, "I cannot do anything when you talk so, you mustn't think I am too brave," she added: "Why, I thought it would make you brave to think of His seamless robe touching you."

For weeks she had been able to take scarcely any nourishment, but at last the pain and vomiting grew so distressing, that it was impossible for her to take anything, so that from the twentieth of November, until the day the Master came for her, she lived without food.

When the pain first became so much more severe, she looked up and smiled, and said, "It's my wonderful Jesus. I am tossed on waves and billows, and He has put forth His hand and lifted me on heights above them all." Again a smile,

and "I said, 'My *dear* Lord,' and He said, 'My *dear* child.' Oh, I'm so happy!"

J—— brought a spray of white begonias. "My wonderful Jesus sends me here a little note to remind me of the white robes and crowns of glory."

During the evening of Wednesday of that week, we watched beside her, thinking each moment would be the last on earth. At times her pulse ceased altogether, and the "beloved physician" said many times, "He will soon be here."

"If this is dying, tell Mrs. M—— and all of them, that it is more beautiful than even I thought it was. 'His left hand is under my head; His right hand doth embrace me.' He holds me so close." Again, "I thought that perhaps, after all, I might feel a little shrinking from death at the last, but there is none. I am so glad, so happy, so peaceful."

Once and again she said, "I hope my last word will be Jesus, my wonderful Jesus."

Often she asked, "Will He soon be here?"

And once, when we almost thought her gone, she said with clear, strong voice, "Now is brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory."

But the Master tarried. Again on Friday and Saturday, we watched beside her for His coming, but still He delayed.

When, on that Sabbath morning, her pulse came back as before, she said to J——, on whose breast she leaned, with tears of disappointment, but a smile as well, "Put me down to bear."

H—— said, to comfort, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Scarce able to speak, she whispered, "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

Afterward she said, "I knew He was not coming for me, for He told me the sweetest thing the saints did in heaven, was His will." And a little later, "The Lord asked me whether I was willing to return to live and suffer more, write more, talk more for Him. What could I say but 'Yes?' But I felt much as I suppose Elijah would have felt, if, when he had got half way up to heaven, he had been thrown out of the chariot back to earth. Still His will is best, yes indeed, and sweetest."

That same day she asked H——, "Do you not think I might say a *little* that I have fought a good fight?"

"I think you might say it a good deal, say it entirely," he replied.

"I will then, and it has been all for Jesus. Oh, I am so happy!"

"You know, dear," she said the next morning, "in a school most of the pupils have favorite studies, and mine has always been 'the fellowship of His sufferings,' and I want to graduate perfect."

A little while afterwards, she said: "When F—— said to me that I might stay till Thanksgiving Day, it seemed to me as if I could not bear it; but my dear Lord began to talk with me, and He has made me willing to wait. How good He is! that is always the way; as soon as anything troubles me, He comes and talks with me, and makes it all plain, and easy, and bright. If there is one verse in the Bible I do believe from my own experience, it is, 'I will manifest myself unto Him.'"

One day she said to M——, "Satan showed me just the tip of his tail this morning. He told me that perhaps all this joy and peace, and this talking with Jesus, was the effect of my imagination, and was not real."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I did not say anything; I would not answer him. I answered him for the last time several weeks ago. I just said 'Jesus,' and He said, 'Leave her alone; she is mine'—and now I am sure he will not trouble me again."

At another time she asked, "Is it wrong for me to say that 'I have meat to eat that ye know not of'? He surely does feed me; for, when the hunger comes and I call to Him to help, He gives me some word of His that does really take it away, for it feeds my soul so fully."

Her friends dreaded the return of the convulsions, which were so distressing to bear and to witness. Turning to T——, she said: "If he sends me another convulsion, don't you mind; it will be in love, just like all the rest."

Nov. 25. She asked: "Do you not think that this is a very hard death to die? I am so glad you do; for it shows His power and grace so much more, so that none may say it was *easy* to bear. It is so sweet to be made use of, to show His grace and power to sustain. It is sweet pain; I am glad to suffer a little more for Him."

After reading the verse, "If any man's work

abide, he shall receive a reward," A—— asked, "What would be the reward you would ask, dear?"

"If He will only say, 'Thank you, dear child.'"

"How beautiful it has all been—the pain and the suffering, as well as the peace."

Nov. 26. After a sleepless night of intense suffering, she asked: "Shall I tell you a lovely conversation?"

"Lord, I am so weak, I cannot bear it; give me some help."

"Let him take hold of My strength."

"But, Lord, I am too weak to take hold of it; give me something else."

"Underneath are the everlasting Arms."

"Lord, dost Thou really love me?"

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love. As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

As the day wore away, she said: "I felt so badly when F—— said I should probably be here on Thanksgiving Day, but I do not feel so now. If I am here, I shall offer perhaps the most heartfelt thanksgiving of any one in this place."

It was indeed true, as her last Song, a "Thanksgiving Hymn," dictated without hesitation on that morning, clearly shows. Her wonderful peace called forth from M——, "My precious, patient sufferer."

"I am not patient."

"What are you, then?"

"I am joyous. I do not bear; it is all borne for me. You know what Faber says:

> "'And that which is unbearable,
> Is Thine, not mine, to bear.'"

But as the agonizing pain, and hunger, and thirst, and, above all, the intense weariness and painful weakness grew even greater, she learned to love the word, patience. Thus, on December 3, she said, "I am only patient and peaceful to-day; I have not strength to be joyful." And later, "Do you know what I think is the sweetest thing in the world? Patience! It is *so* sweet to lie still, and wish nothing but His will."

In the night of the 29th of November, which, like most of the others, was entirely sleepless, during an hour of special pain, she said, "I could not bear it if Jesus did not bear it with me. If

God spared not His own Son, He surely will not spare what is necessary to refine me. He will help and strengthen me to the end. If I am too weak to tell you so, you must be sure that I am peaceful, and joyfully waiting for Jesus to come and take me with Him where He is."

The day before she had said, "I think I am losing the control of my mind. I am just as happy, just as peaceful, just as willing to wait as ever; but I cannot control my thoughts. I will begin to think of some text, and in a few minutes I will run off to something to eat—think how nice a piece of steak would taste. I know it is not my spirit, but this morning I felt as if my body could not bear it any longer, but I know He will help me to the end. Only think, if it causes you all so much pain to see me suffer, how much more it would pain Him, if He could not see so plainly the beautiful end! He could not fan the furnace flame, if He did not expect to see the soul coming out of the fires purified. There is so much *love* in sitting as a refiner till the purification is accomplished, I do thank Him for it."

Her love for flowers, so strongly exhibited in some of her "Songs," was manifested all through

her sickness. And through the kindness of friends, she was never a day without them. "I think my Lord is so good to send me so many flowers just now, when I cannot eat, for I feed upon them — their beauty and fragrance. I am sure there must be flowers in heaven, for He likens Himself to them—the lily, and the rose—and you know He says, 'He feedeth among the lilies.' Was it not good in Jesus to put it into Mrs. C——'s heart to send me these? You see He knows how I love them." And again, with tears in her eyes, "It was so good in the Lord to send me that Daphne to-day."

During all her sickness, she had been unwilling to resort to any remedy that would cause unconsciousness, having a desire, as she said, to bear every pain her dear Lord sent, and to meet Him at His coming with body as well as soul, expectant and conscious. Her physicians and friends, however, were pursuaded that she ought to use the means of relief which God had made, and at last, taking their wishes as the expression of God's will, she consented, and from the 5th of December, she was kept most of the time under the influence of anæsthetics. Through some peculiarity of the

disease, however, though large doses were administered, the effect was much of the time partial. They seemed most of the time, however, to lull the pain, and brought her many hours of refreshing sleep, but always, on waking, her mind was as clear as ever.

In speaking of this, she said, "You see I trusted in the Lord, and He did bring it to pass. Isn't He lovely, altogether lovely? I have had such a lovely night. I think, dear M——, you will always remember this night with pleasure. Isn't it wonderful how my dear Lord has made the morphia act, controlling the pain perfectly, and yet leaving my mind clear? It is all my wonderful Jesus, He is so good.

"I wish I could tell you a little of what is pouring into my heart—such beauty, such glory. It is wonderful.

"My wonderful Jesus has been so good to me."

Then, after a little pause, "I can just feel him, dear M——, gather me up and hold me close to His breast."

And again, "I can tell you one thing; there's always Jesus."

"Poor child!" A—— said that day.

"No; happy, *blessed* child," she replied.

"Does He still talk to you?"

"All the time, and He tells me such beautiful things of the joys before me, and how He will comfort you."

"He keeps me here to learn a little more of the sweet lesson that can be only learned on earth—the lesson I love to learn—'The fellowship of His sufferings.'"

The next morning she said: "Another day of *my* weakness and my Saviour's power. Don't be afraid; I shall have great strength given me; I am not afraid."

As the pain returned with increased vigor, she said: "The furnace is heated seven times hotter, but the Son of Man is in it."

Again and again would she ask, "Have I been patient?" And, upon receiving the assurance that she had, would invariably add, "My dear, wonderful Jesus, He has been so merciful;" or, "It was all for His Name's sake." Everything seemed to remind her of Him. Once, when I was bathing her hands, she said, "All my springs are in Thee."

S—— alluded to her having given him Mrs.

Browning's poem, "He giveth His beloved sleep." "I want you all to remember that," she said, "I have suffered so terribly from want of sleep."

Dec. 8. She commenced to repeat—"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb"—she paused, and M—— finished it.

"How sweet it will be to be there! I do want to go so much."

"Then why," asked M——, "do you not ask Him, darling, to come for you?"

"I don't want to; He will come as soon as He is ready."

"But, perhaps, He waits to have you ask Him?"

"No, He does not. I have said to Him, 'all things are possible to him that believeth,' and He knows."

That night, between twelve and one, she said: "The only thing I can do, is trust in Jesus. I am so weak, I can't trust in anything or anybody else—only in Jesus." Later, she added, "I am so thankful I have not got to get ready to die. *So* ready, *so* trustful, *so* happy and blessed!" And the next morning, "Suppose I had to feel around for something to cling to now!"

Dec. 10, 3 P.M. "There is one thing you

haven't understood and perhaps I did not understand myself. You have all thought I have had more than I could bear; but with so much that has seemed unbearable, has always come the sense of His sweetness and love, which was itself unbearable. But now I am going where I shall be able to bear it all, and more."

During a short waking interval, she exclaimed, "I realize fully 'no separation;' I believe it utterly!" And again, "Oh! I never saw it so plain before; He endured all His passion that we might never sorrow more!"

Dec. 10, 5:30 P.M. "I wish I could tell you how shaken and how firm, how wretched and how triumphant I am."

Thursday morning, Dec. 11. Pushing away the chloroform, as J—— was about to administer it, she said, "Wait; there are two things that remain as intense as ever—my love for you all, and my love for Jesus."

That afternoon we "watched the door unclose at last." Thus was her longing fulfilled, that her last word on earth should be "Jesus," as doubtless it was her first in heaven.

III.

"Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth."

THE sources of such a life are not far to seek. It will be readily believed that they are not found in mere liveliness of emotion or sensibility, nor yet in peculiarities of natural temperament or mental constitution. No doubt we may trace the influence of a peculiarly ardent and affectionate nature, and a strong and brilliant fancy; yet her own heart assured her of that to which every spiritual judgment will assent, that the spring from which her life was drawn lay deeper than all these, and was infinitely fuller—was, indeed, "hid with Christ in God."

"It pains me so much to have people tell me that it is my natural disposition to be patient, and to prefer God's will to my own. It seems so much like withholding the glory from God, for I am so sure that it is not my disposition, and that it is nothing but God's grace given to me.

"You know how impatient I always used to be.

I do not mean irritable—for I know I was not that —but in anything in which I was interested, I was always so impatient to do or to have done. And I always did like so much to have my own way. And now I see how much this was my fault, and how much trouble and anxiety I used to give you and dear F—— by this trait in my character—this fault. And I want you to promise me that when you hear people say that it was my disposition, you will tell them how it was; I do so want the grace of God to be magnified." So truly had she learned to say and feel, "All my springs are in Thee."

Had she not sought and obtained access to that fountain of life and grace, the very ardor of her natural impulses and affections, and the keenness of her sensibilities, which afforded such a field for the display of her Redeemer's power, would have made her shrink from the very things in which she gloried and rejoiced most heartily, the fellowship of his sufferings, the cross of pain and sorrow, the pangs of earthly separations, the slow, sure, painful approach of death. All things to her, and in her, were of God in Christ. As she had learned to *know* Him in His Word, so, receiving that Word with the simple faith of a little child, without a

question, she *found* him in the inner teaching of His Holy Spirit and the experience of her heart and life. The searching study of His Word was, therefore, both her strength and her delight—her almost constant occupation. And this it was that gave to her a breadth and clearness of spiritual vision, and a vigor of understanding, that were the admiration of not a few whose duty and privilege it had been for years to study and minister the gospel of the grace of God. It was no infrequent thing for her to suggest new connections in Scripture passages, through the discovered presence of Christ in them all; or to delight her friends, in conversation or correspondence, by some happy illustration from the Word; by some new and forcible interpretation or application of a familiar passage; by bringing to light some familiar and precious truth, as it had lain buried and unsuspected in less familiar and less studied portions of the Bible; or by the clearness of her conceptions and the simple power of her faith, giving new life and meaning, a new aspect of reality, to that which was old and known, but not more than half believed or understood. It was especially her delight to find and show Christ as revealed in the

Old Testament, and for a long period she studied with absorbing interest the second chapter of Hosea, from which many of her favorite expressions are drawn, and in which she loved to find an epitome of all His gracious dealings with His people and with her.

Hence it was not difficult to see, and she herself felt most strongly, that whatever fruits of sanctifying grace were wrought in her, they were wrought "through the truth." And her desire was strong, that since the same truth, and the same sanctifying spirit, were offered and open freely to all, the same knowledge and grace might be more heartily sought and more generally possessed by the disciples of Christ our Lord.

"I want some one," she said, "to tell at my funeral, that in order to have such joy as mine upon a dying bed, there must be *first* an absolute giving oneself up to Christ, and *second*, an earnest, diligent study of His Word, that he may be known more perfectly. I know that mine is a rare experience. I cannot help knowing it. But I also know that it need not be. The Lord is just as ready to give it to all His people as to me, if they will only desire and seek it.

"People speak to me as if this peace and joy were a special and unusual gift. It pains me to have them say so, for I am sure it is open to all who desire it. I think the reason of my being now more joyful and peaceful, is that I have studied my Bible faithfully, and there I have learned to know Jesus so well. And then, as I studied, it never entered into my mind not to believe all He said. And He does fulfill all that He promises."

Is there any other philosophy of the Christian life than this?

The Master whom she so learned to know and trust and love, could have wrought no more precious and worthy work by means of her life, and all His dealings with her, and her peaceful and triumphant death, nor any that would more completely accord with her own longing desire, or fill her soul with joy to overflowing, than that some souls should be encouraged to seek and cherish the like precious faith, and be enabled to reap the same precious fruits of knowledge, joy and peace.

"Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus."

SONGS IN

THE VALLEY OF ACHOR.

THE VALLEY OF ACHOR.

Hos. 2 : 15. Is. 65 : 10.

It looked so dark to me, when first
I entered the dread valley,
But soon upon my vision burst
A green and shaded alley,
That shone and brightened more and more
Until it reached a shining Door.

And glory from that Door was shed,
And struggled with the shadow,
And shone soft on a path that led
Into a smiling meadow,
Where weary flocks and herds did lie,
Folded beneath the Shepherd's eye.

And vineyards there I saw, and fruit
That grew in shady bowers,

And grand old trees, and every root
Was hidden deep in flowers;
And oh! the air was soft, and sweet,
And balmy, in that cool retreat.

And here and there, among the rocks,
There were green resting places;
There was no sound of strife or shocks,
No rush of troubled faces;
I could hear nothing but that Voice
That sweetly cried, "Rejoice, rejoice."

I did rejoice, for there I found,
In closest, holiest union,
My soul's Beloved; and not a sound
To break that blessed communion
Was there. My soul lay on his breast,
In perfect calm, in Heavenly rest.

He plucked the clustering grapes, and said
"These are for thee, belovéd,
Into this valley I have led
Thy steps; thou now hast proved
My truth. When forth thou go'st with Me
Thou shalt take 'vineyards' rich with thee."

He taught me songs of joyous love,
Of grateful adoration ;
Naught had before availed to move
To such high jubilation
My soul, that now so tried and strong,
Rested in Him Who was my song.

He led me through the shining Door,
And up to Mounts of Vision ;
My eyes enraptured wandered o'er
The glorious scene elysian ;
I could not bear the rapture long,
But He on whom I leaned was strong.

He told me there, in accents sweet,
A wondrous thrilling story,
The while I worshipped at His feet;
He promised me such glory,
One day upon my eyes should shine,
As now would break this heart of mine.

As yet, I ne'er had seen His face;
Then it should shine upon me ;
He'd come again, oh, matchless grace!
With His own hand to crown me.

"Wait patiently, a little space,"
He said, "then thou shalt see my face."

I linger in the valley yet,
By my dear Jesus tended,
Sheltered from all life's care and fret,
And when the way is ended,
Trusting the promise of His grace,
I know that I "shall see His face."

WATCHING AND WAITING.

Luke 12 : 36.

I AM watching for the coming
Of my dear, my absent Lord,
I am hearkening for His footstep,
I am listening for His word,
Eagerly longing and waiting
For Him to take me home,
Crying with every heart-beat,
"Come, Lord Jesus! Come!"

I have been so long expecting;
I have watched thro' many a night;

He lingers, oh, He lingers!
Shall I never have the sight
For which my eyes are aching,
Of that tender, loving face,
Of those eyes so full of beauty,
Of that smile so full of grace?

Thro' all life's many changes
He has walked along with me,
He has turned the thorns to roses,
He has calmed the raging sea,
He has shone through deepest darkness,
He has sheltered me from harm,
And always when I was weary
Upheld me with His arm.

Often and often in sorrow,
When earthly light was dim,
I have walked in a heavenly radiance,
And knew that it came from Him.
When my dear ones have vanished from me,
He has made me ever rejoice,
For He thrilled my soul with rapture
By the tones of His tender voice.

Thro' hours of wasting sickness
He has watched beside my bed,
He has soothed the restless anguish,
He has pillowed my weary head;
Pillowed it soft and closely
On his mighty, loving breast;
Soothed me like tenderest mother,
And lulled me to perfect rest.

In sleepless hours of darkness,
When no loving one was near,
I have heard that tenderest whisper,
"Fear nothing, I am here!"
And then He would sit beside me
And from out that loving Heart,
Would pour on me such a blessing
As no words could e'er impart.

And every day He grew dearer,
Each hour revealed new grace,
I felt Him and heard him each moment,
But I could not see his face;
And I longed with a speechless longing
For that soul-entrancing sight,

The sight of His perfect beauty,
Of His gentle, matchless might.

But He answered my ardent longing
With "Wait a little while;
Soon thou shalt see My beauty,
Soon thou shalt see My smile.
Wait and watch for thy Master,
Morning, and night and noon,
For truly, oh, longing spirit!
I will come unto thee soon."

So I'm waiting, watching and longing;
Will He never, never come?
I am getting more and more weary,
And longing more for home.
But 'tis Him above all that I long for,
Only to look on His face,
Only to touch His garment,
Only to know His grace.

As I never can know till I see Him;
To feel His hand on mine,
To hear in His voice the fondness,
To see in His eyes the shine

Of the love that knows no measure,
A sea without a shore;
And to know that the sight of that beauty
Shall be mine forever more.

But He's coming, He said he was coming!
I shall surely see Him soon;
And I listen to hear His footfall,
Morning and night and noon;
I shall hear the first sound of his knocking,
I shall run and open to Him,
And He'll fill my cup of rejoicing
Full to the very brim.

He said He should come from the wedding
In festal garments clad,
All sorrow shall flee from His presence,
He will make my spirit glad;
I know there are wondrous treasures
Laid up for me by His grace;
But *this* joy surpasses all others,
That I shall see His face!

August, 1873.

WHOSE HOUSE ARE WE?

PSALMS 4 : 7.

No sanctuary songs to-day
Fall on my ear,
Yet in a holy place I pray,
For God is here!

No human accents, low in prayer,
Or high in praise,
Are heard within this chamber fair
Full many days.

My ear has missed the sweet accord
Of chanting choirs;
Alone, to my most glorious Lord,
My heart aspires

With joyous trust, and eager faith,
And ardent love,
Making a Sabbath service here
Like that above.

Sight more than faith, and praise than prayer,
Fill my glad breast;
My eyes uplifted see Him *there*,
And when they rest

Within my room, I see Him *here*
Beside my bed,
And His bright "candle," pure and clear,
Shines on my head.

He pours His glory on my way;
No shade can dim
The splendors of the perfect day
That beams from Him.

These lovely flowers from His hand,
Chime, like sweet bells,
A clear refrain; each fragrant breath
His glory tells.

Upon my soul, Heaven's joy and peace
Pour in full tides,
Making a temple of the place
Where Christ abides.

PASSION FLOWERS.

Oh, fair and mystical flowers!
You seem like a thing apart
From the rest of the flower-creation;
As from you steals into my heart,

Like a strain of sacred music,
The refrain of the thrilling word:
"Always bearing about in the body
The dying of the Lord."

You are marked with the cross of Jesus,
And the signs of His passion deep;
The cruel nails, the crown of thorns,
You in tender pity keep.

What a linking of sorrow with beauty!
The Cross, with its story so sad,
Stands forth on these delicate flowers,
And as we gaze, we are glad;

For the Cross is our joy and glory,
The pledge of our Saviour's love,
The "infusion of heavenly sweetness" here,
And the guide to a crown above.

And though now we see not the glory,
Yet through all earth's pain and loss,
We know that our lives are made holy,
And signed with the blesséd Cross.

And we pray, as we watch you, sweet flowers,
That deep in our inmost hearts,
We may treasure the holy lesson
That your beauty strange imparts;

That the Christian's badge of honor
Is the bearing of the Cross,
That to suffer with the Master
Is the richest gain, not loss;

That the soul is crowned, transfigured
With a glory full and free;
That ever with love remembers
Jesus has died for me;

That that life is blessed and saintly
That fulfills the sacred word,
"Always bearing about in the body
The dying of the Lord."

"WE ARE A SPECTACLE (THEATRE) UNTO THE WORLD."

A MESSAGE from the King!
"Prepare a place for Me,
I am coming to honor thee.
What wilt thou? that I bring
A royal suite of pomp and glory,
That shall live and shine in song and story?
Or shall I come with no sign to show
Who it is that honors thee so?
Come as a friend to a friend?"

Come as Thou wilt, my King!
Who am I to choose
The measure of state Thou shalt use?
I care not what Thou dost bring,
So that Thyself I see,
So that Thou comest to me.
Thy words have often come
Like angels to my home,
Now do Thou come, not send.

An answer from the King!
"I will come, and show forth my grace;

I will glorify the place
Which thou hast prepared. I will bring
My garments of purest white,
My robes of heavenly light.
But wilt thou yield all to Me?
Wilt thou be content to see
My glory, not thine own?"

Thy glory, oh, my King!
Is what I so long to see.
How can it ever be
That Thou wilt come! I will sing
To Thee such songs of praise,
As a loving heart can raise,
When it longs, with a longing too deep
For words to tell, to steep
Itself in Thy glory above.

A message from the King!
"I will come, oh, waiting heart!
I will come, and a wondrous part
I will act in thee. I shall bring
Sharp tools, and shall cut and hew,
For the stage must be straight and true
On which I act My part:

Canst thou bear, oh, waiting heart,
That I should come thus to thee?"

I 'can bear it all, my King!
For wilt not Thou be here?
What room is there for fear
In Thy presence? Still I will sing,
Though Thou cut and hew and tear;
For well I know that where
Thou art, there is peace. Oh, stay
No longer, but come, I pray!
Oh, hasten and come to me!

"I am coming, I, thy King!
I am coming to act in thee;
My glory thou shalt see.
And I know that thy heart will sing.
For though I wound, I heal;
And when thou art faint thou shalt feel
Around thee My tender embrace;
Thou shalt know that My matchless grace
Is shining forth in thee.

"I will dwell with thee, I, thy King!
I'll perfect in thy weakness My strength;

In thy need I will help, and at length,
In the midst of thy pain thou shalt sing,
For My smile shall be ever light,
It shall shine in the depth of the night;
I will use thee to show forth My praise,
And men shall adore as they gaze,
And ascribe all the glory to Me."

October 3d.

"TO KNOW HIM AND THE FELLOWSHIP OF HIS SUFFERINGS."

A LONELY path, did you say, my friend?
Ah! that it is not, not ever;
It is thorny often, and sometimes dark,
But it is lonely, *never*.
For close beside me in deepest night,
Making even the shadows bright,
Is ever my loving Jesus.

When clouds are thick, and the storm winds blow,
Through the uproar I hear Him speaking,
"Lean on me, child, I will shelter thee;
Remember the tempest is wreaking
Its fury not only on thee, but on Me,

For I am bearing it all with thee;"
Oh, tender, loving Jesus!

When the night is dark, and the way is strange,
And I see not a hand-breadth before me,
He leads me along, and I feel with a thrill,
That His banner of love is o'er me.
"Cling close," He cries, "and fear no more,
'Tis the way I have trodden for thee before,
Thy suffering Brother Jesus."

And when my heart is torn with grief,
And my tears are wildly falling
Over some precious, speechless form,
Vainly for answer calling;
Then plainly I hear that voice benign,
"Take courage, sad heart, for thy grief is Mine,
I am suffering with Thee, Jesus."

And oh, I have learned to know Him well
In these quiet "desert places,"
And every hour He shows to me
More clearly His matchless graces;

So that I cry, in my calm retreat,
Truly the "fellowship" is sweet,
"Of the sufferings" of Jesus!

And so you see, with this precious Friend
I can be lonely never.
Though trials come, and fierce winds blow,
He is beside me, and ever
With tenderest soothing in His strong arms
He bears me above all earthly harms,
My strong and loving Jesus!

And I always think when I hear it said,
"How sweet to the sufferer is heaven,"
That it will not be for the perfect rest
That I know will there be given,
That 'twill be so sweet for me to go;
But because I've learned so well to know
My dear, my precious Jesus?

October 13th.

SHADOWS ON THE DOOR.

THE door of my room is half open,
And over it, come and go
Shadows of those in the other room,
Who are passing to and fro.

The door of my life is half open,
And upon it I constantly see
The shadow of my dearest Lord,
Who is coming soon for me.

I love to watch His shadow,
So dear, so full of grace;
But what will it be when He really comes,
And I see His lovely face!

He will enter through the doorway;
Oh, glad, oh, sweet surprise!
And shadows shall die in the cloudless light,
That beams from his loving eyes.

October 14th.

TWO ROSES.

Oh, lovely rose! Gift from His hand,
Who fashioned all beauty, Who made all sweetness:
Gazing on thee, in thy fair completeness,
Bright fancies steal
Into my soul,
And over me roll
In a flood of beauty, and I feel
That clear and sweet as the voice of an angel,
Is thy voice, God's beautiful evangel;
Telling His power, telling His love,
Sweet messages from His home above.
And from out thy closed heart of living bloom,
Thy rich perfume
Floods all the room,
Wraps my charmed senses in delight;
And as I watch thy beauty bright,
Lovingly gazing, I seem to see
God's fingers unfolding it for me.

In the land to which I'm going
Are such roses always blowing?
Ah, that I cannot know till I see
What my dearest Lord has prepared for me.

But I know that there in beauty grows
God's fairest flower, Sharon's Rose.
And I know that its fragrance floods those plains
Where "the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns."
Even here that sweet Rose blooms for me,
Even here its beauties I can see;
And in Him, that heart of living bloom
"Are all treasures hid;"
Even here the lid
Is partly raised, and the rich perfume
Floats out, and entrances this soul of mine;
But I long for the day when His beauty shall shine
More fully upon me; when shall unclose
The petals fair of Sharon's Rose;
And I shall watch through eternity
God's fingers unfolding it for me.

October 19th.

LILIES.

As pure as mountain snows
Of gleaming white,
And sweet as fragrant rose
Formed to delight,—
So pure, so sweet, my longing soul would be
A lily fair, oh, dearest Lord, for Thee!

In holy, sheltered ground,
Oh, let me grow;
Thou wilt keep guard around,
For well I know
It doth Thy loving, tender heart delight,
To feed among Thy lilies pure and white.

Thy lily, Lord, Thine own,
And only Thine.
For Thee, O Lord, alone
My soul would shine,
Shining the light that beams from Thee, my Sun,
Fair with the purity Thy blood hath won.

Shine bright, and still more bright,
Oh, glorious Sun!
Clothe me in purer white—
Thou hast begun.
Perfect in me Thy work, O Heavenly Love,
'Till in Thy garden fair, I bloom above.

Thy garden knows no drouth,
Watered by Love;
Oh, soft wind from the south
Upon it move.

Send forth its spices, by Thy gentle might
Draw forth rich fragrance from the lilies white.

Fragrance for Thee, Beloved,
Delay no more;
With joy Thy garden's mvoed;
Thou at the door,
Wilt enter in, O Christ, and gladly see
How fair and sweet Thy lilies are for Thee!

JEWELS.

WHICH are the fairest jewels?
Rubies of glowing light,
Pearls that gleam like the moon's soft beam,
Or diamonds flashing bright?
Sapphires that hold the hue of the sky,
Emeralds of living green,
Amethysts showing soft purple glooms,
Or the topaz' glittering sheen?

Fairer, I think, in the sight of God,
Are tears, that while they fall,
Still brightly shine in the light divine
Which Jesus sheds over all;

Even now the gleams of glory shine
And the beauty flashes here,
With which the Saviour's loving smile
Irradiates a tear.

With eager hope, our trusting hearts
Look forward to the day,
When God's loving hand, in the cloudless land,
Shall wipe all tears away;
We know they are kept in His treasury,*
To shine with a glory meet,
To deck the crowns which with joyful love,
We shall cast at our dear Lord's feet.

October 20th.

ONE LIGHT.

Oh! Land, all lands surpassing,
Of glory and of light,
Where the fairest and rarest of every age
Shines in the splendor bright;
How shall we tell of thy beauty?
We find no language fit

* "Thou hast put all my tears into Thy bottle!"

To paint that clime of bliss sublime,
But the sacred words of ringing chime,
"The Lamb is the light of it."

There, are there joys transcendent,
Beauty surpassing speech;
For the treasured, unmeasured wealth of God,
Our fancy cannot reach;
There all the saints home gathered
In "heavenly places sit,"
Their souls all bright, in that wondrous light,
Clad in raiment of spotless white,
Where "the Lamb is the light of it."

Oh! Lamb, divine, far shining,
Here too, Thou art the Sun!
With Thy smiling, beguiling the weary heart,
Here is the glory begun;
Here, on our earthly journey,
Thou makest all things bright;
Here the light divine of that smile of Thine,
Makes everything in beauty shine;
The Lamb is our earthly light.

It is Christ, my Lord, my Master!
It is Christ, my Joy, my Strength!

'Tis His splendor, so tender, floods all my way
In all its breadth and length;
'Tis not a far, far country
To which my soul aspires.
There is but a door, when this life is o'er,
To open, and then forevermore—
Oh! Sum of my desires.

I shall dwell in the glory excelling!
Oh! matchless, wondrous grace!
Jesus, Brother, no other joy do I crave
But this, to see Thy face!
I have long lived in the glory,
Fadeless, ineffable, bright;
But what will it be, Thy face to see,
Through endless ages to gaze on Thee,
Where Thou, the Lamb, art the light?

November 3rd.

RED AND WHITE CARNATIONS.

RED, red as the Blood
That poured its crimson tide
From the Heart that bled and broke for us,
From our Saviour's riven side;

The Blood that made our peace,
That washed away our stains,
That bought for tried and weary hearts
The Rest that aye remains.

White, white as the soul
That is washed in the cleansing tide,
Clothed in Christ's robe of Righteousness,
Sanctified, justified;
Breathing the fragrance sweet
Of a pure and spotless life,
To Him Who won us, to Him Who crowns
The victors in the strife.

Beautiful, fragrant bloom
On a warped, unsightly tree,
All the beauty in Thee, oh, Christ!
The ugliness in me:
Wonderful, wonderful Lord!
Who died for these souls of ours;
And then, to melt our hearts with love,
Tells us the tale in flowers.

November 3d.

IF SO BE, WE SUFFER WITH HIM.

GIVER of every good and perfect gift!
On every land
Thou scatterest generous, lavish, far and wide,
With kingly hand,

Thy regal gifts of beauty and of wealth;
The teeming mine,
The fertile field and forest, all show forth
Thy power divine.

Thy hand has decked the earth with flowers,
With running streams;
And from Thy sun, Thou sendest down
Life-giving beams.

All glad delights of home and friends
Are from Thy love;
Faint types and shadows of the joys
Laid up above.

These joys Thou givest unto all,
Unasked, unknown;
One joy Thou hast reserved, to give
Unto Thine own.

That joy, the richest and most sweet
That tongue can sing,
Christ's holy, blessed fellowship
Of suffering!

Woe comes to all, all earthly light
Must soon grow dim;
Christ's servants aye rejoice, for they
Suffer with Him!

He never leaves His own to faint
Beneath distress;
They never feel that bitterest pang
Of loneliness.

But where He brings His sacred cross,
Himself He brings;
And the tired soul, taught by His voice,
Looks up and sings.

We ask a bright, unclouded lot,
No shade or fears;
Christ gives the brightness, but it shines
Fairest through tears.

Tears, blessed tears, that fall from eyes
Which, while they weep,
Look up into those loving eyes
Which ever keep

Their ceaseless, guarding, tender watch
Over His own;
O blessed eyes, that learn to see
Jesus alone!

And suffering is the "desert place,"
The place "apart;"
Where Christ in fellowship draws near
Unto the heart.

We turn to Him, we cling to Him,
We need Him so;
We find no moment there, when we
Can let Him go.

And He! What pen can show the strength
He there imparts!
What tongue can tell what Jesus is
To suffering hearts!

He comes so close, His beauty sweet,
His matchless grace,
Stand full revealed, we almost see
His lovely face.

He knows those rugged pathways well,
For He has trod
Them all before; O tender Friend!
O Son of God!

We thank Thee with full hearts, that Thou
Dost take us there,
And show us as Thou only canst,
How bright and fair

Thou art; dost promise, when before Thy smile,
These shadows flee:
Those who have suffered with Thee here,
Shall reign with Thee!

O blessed suffering! glorious reign!
O matchless grace!
"We suffer with Him" here, and there
"Shall see His face."

November 5th.

I.

"HE THAT HATH THE KEY OF DAVID."

"He shall shut and none shall open."

I HAVE shut the "gates of Death and Hell"
With My mighty pierced hand;
No powers of darkness or of sin
Against my Church can stand;
I am the Lord, the Conqueror
Crowned Victor in the strife;
Vanquished are all the hosts of Death
By the power of the Life!

I have shut the door of the sheepfold,
Unbroken guard to keep
Against the wolves, who long to tear
My dear, My purchased sheep;
I am the Guard, the Shepherd,
My piercéd Hand alone
Can keep the door; when I am near
No harm can touch My own.

My own that I loved and died for;
My sheep that I bought with blood;
Through thorns I followed their straying steps,
To bring them home to God;
I hold them fast in My mighty Hand,
Their lasting, sure defence;
I have shut my fingers about them,
And none can pluck them thence.

II.

"He shall open and none shall shut."

I HAVE opened the door to the Father,
For each lost and wandering child,
That I sought, and followed with patient love,
Through pathways drear and wild;
I am the Son, the Brother,
And I bring My brethren home,
Through the door that I opened, and no man shuts:
O My beloved, come!

I have opened the door of glory,
Through the darkness of earth it streams;

It brightens the sunlight, and gilds each cloud
With its shining, glowing beams.
I am the Light, the glory,
The radiance streams from Me,
And that open door no man can shut,
Unclosed for aye it shall be.

I opened the door of Heaven,
When I vanquished death and sin;
And "to him that overcometh,
Will I give to enter in."
With the Hand that was pierced for sinners,
I opened that shining door,
And I swear, "the Faithful Witness,"
It is open for evermore.

Jesus, our King, our Glory!
Thou breakest our hearts with love;
What words can we find in earthly speech,
Our gratitude to prove?
Teach us the tongue of Heaven,
Notes of the angel choir,
Words that are made of melting love,
And glowing, ardent fire.

We cannot praise Thee, O Saviour!
Here on this earthly shore,
As we would; but oh, when the time shall come
That we enter through that door
With crownéd hosts of Heaven,
We, Thy redeemed, shall sing,
Blessing, and glory, and honor be
To Christ our matchless King!

November 6th.

A HEART CRY.

JESUS! my Lord! I need Thee,
Oh, come near!
Thou art so dear,
So tender and so sweet,
To those who need Thee, come, my Lord,
And let me hold and kiss Thy blesséd feet.

Thy piercéd feet! on Calvary
Pierced for me!
Those wounds I see,
And when I feel the dart
Of sorrow pressing sharp and deep,
Those cruel wounds of Thine heal my torn heart.

Oh, Thou art tender, Jesus!
Thou art love!
Look from above,
And smile upon Thy child;
For even the deepest shades of night,
Thou lightenest with Thy tender glances mild.

Thy earthly lot was sorrow;
Thou dost know
The keenest woe:
There is no grief like thine.
All that we suffer now Thou dost
Bear with us, and make light, O Strength Divine!

I feel that Thou art near me,
Not Thy feet,
Blessed and sweet,
Thou yieldest to my hold;
But in Thine arms, so dear and strong,
My trembling Spirit Thou dost closely fold.

Thou tellest me, in accents
Sweet and strong,
"The way is long,
But child, I am thy way;

I dwell in thee, and thou in Me,
And thus together journey to the day

"When sorrow shall be ended.
Till that day,
Through all the way,
My strength shall ever thee defend;
No stranger voice shall greet thee then
But mine, thy life-long, ever-present Friend."

November 7th.

"THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE."

SAVIOUR! Thou knowest every thought and feeling
Of this weak human heart, which Thou hast made;
Open it lies, to Thy keen glance revealing
In clearest vision, all its light and shade;
Reading its page, Thou knowest that this word
Is deep and heartfelt truth; I love Thee, Lord!

I love Thee, oh, Thou dear and precious Saviour!
Light of my life, my God, my Joy, my Strength;

Earth's pilgrimage is brightened by Thy favor,
Thy love shall crown my soul in Heaven at length.
Thou into my adoring heart hast poured,
The love with which I love Thee, dearest Lord!

When earthly light grows dim and skies are clouded,
And my sad heart is torn with sharpest grief,
Then through the mists in which my life is shrouded,
Thy radiant, tender smile brings sweet relief;
And still my heart, with glad unchanging word,
Breaks forth in song, "Thou knowest I love Thee, Lord!"

And when, at length, I walk by faith no longer,
When through the working of Thy wondrous grace
My longing eyes, made clearer, brighter, stronger,
At last shall see thy beauty "face to face,"
Then, oh, my King, my Jesus, my Adored!
I'll sing in worthy strains, I love Thee, Lord!

November 8th.

THE TWO KNOCKINGS.

I.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

ONE stands knocking at a door,
Which, with rusted hinge and bolt,
And dead vines matted o'er,
Looks as it would open
Never more!

His is face of kingly beauty,
Yet so sweet!
And His form is grand, majestic,
But His feet,
Soiled with travel, pierced with thorns,
While the semblance of a crown His brow adorns.

And He stands and knocks and knocks;
Though there comes no voice to greet Him,
Or to bid Him stay;
Comes no loving step to meet Him,
No sweet voices to entreat Him,
"Do not go away!"

Will there never come an answer
To that knock?
No hand upon the lock,
To throw wide upon its hinges
That dark door?
Will that gracious, kingly stranger,
Knock forever more?

Hark! He calls in melting accents,
"Open to me, soul!
I have come to seek and save thee,
And to make thee whole.
See, I stand with hands rich laden,
All for thee;
Hear Me, oh, thou lost and dying!
Open unto Me!"

Then at last there comes an answer
From that door-way dark,
And the Stranger bends still lower,
Earnestly to hark,
To that cry so sad and dreary,
From that soul so worn and weary.

"Oh, I cannot! oh, I cannot!"
Cries the soul,

"Sin has been so long the master
Of my wretched heart,
That I cannot now upstart
From the clinging, choking bondage;
All control
Of myself has long since left me,
I can only long
For some hand benign and strong,
To set me free;
There is One of Whom I've heard,
'Mighty to save,' in deed and word,"—
Said the Stranger, "I am He."

"Shall I enter by My might?
Shall I break thy chain?
Scatter all the shades of night,
By the glory of My light,
And set thee free again?"

"If Thou canst," the soul replied,
"Throw the close locked portal wide.
I have chafed and fretted long
Against my chain,
But my Master is so strong,
And he holds a mighty throng

At his bidding." Said the Stranger,
With a voice serene and gracious,
"I am stronger than the strong!"

"But I have no wealth to pay
For such grace of Thine.
I have squandered all away
That once was mine;
I long for Thee,
And weary to be free,
But I have naught to give;
Then how can I receive
Such gift and grace divine?"

"I ask no gift, only say, 'Come!'
Admit Me to thy home;
I cannot enter unless thou dost greet
With joy the coming of My feet.
If thou dost wish for Me,
Then I will come to thee,
And make thy heart all glorious as My home.
Only say 'Come!"
Oh, thou for whom I died!"

"Oh, fling the portal wide,
Thou who art love, undreamed, unknown!

Come in, come in!
And banish sin,
Dispel the shadows of my life's long dream,
And raise a throne where Thou shalt reign supreme."

A smile shone forth upon that kingly face,
A smile of heavenly grace;
And from those eyes, so deep, so sweet,
A loving light beamed out the soul to greet.
The pierced hand was raised,
And even as I gazed,
Shattered fell all the bars and bolts of sin,
And Christ had entered in!

II.

"When he cometh and knocketh."

'Tis the same door;
Now wreathéd o'er
With vines of vigorous growth
And lusty shoot,
Bearing rich clusters 'neath the shading leaves,
Of ripe and luscious fruit.

Again a knock!
But not now as before,
Does the King wait an answer;
A hand quick turns the lock,
And opens wide the door,
And the rejoicing soul comes forth with eager word
To meet and greet his loved and longed for Lord.

"Oh, art Thou come at last?
My Lord, so dear, so sweet!
With rapturous joy I greet
The coming of those blessed feet,
For which I've watched so long."

And thus with joyous song
The soul did greet his Lord;
No stranger now, but loved, adored,
And longed for, with a longing deep,
And true and strong,
As that with which the eyes that keep
A weary watch for morning long.

"Yes," said the King, in accents clear and sweet,
That fell like Heaven's own music on that list'-
ning heart;

"Yes, I have come
To take thee home;
Rise, and with Me from sense and sin depart."

With rapt, clear eyes upraised
Unto that beauteous face,
With eyes that gazed, and gazed
Upon that matchless grace,
And could not turn away,
The soul looked up. And Christ looked down
To meet that upturned gaze,
With love, that like a ray
Of glory, did transfigure and did crown
That waiting one, so blest,
Found by his Master watching.
"Come," said the King again,
And clasped him to His breast,
And bore him in His loving arms
To glory, joy, and rest!

I.

WHAT *WAS* DEATH?

DEATH was a frowning barrier,
  Shut on life;
A going forth unfriended,
  To a region rife
With doubts, and fears, and questions,
  Meeting no reply;
Sorrow behind and gloom before
  Him who was called to die.

Death was a surging river,
  A cold and sullen stream,
On which no sunlight ever
  Shed e'en a clouded gleam;
A tide that, with sweep resistless,
  The shuddering soul did bear
From all life's joys, to deepest night,
The soul that asked in wild affright
  The answerless question, "*Where?*"

Death was "the King of Terrors,"
  Standing with icy dart,

Ready to plunge its venomed tip
In the trembling human heart;
An awful, shrouded figure,
With cold and cruel hands
Binding his unresisting prey
In adamantine bands.

E'en then the earth was lovely,
And voices sweet did call,
'Neath smiling skies, but a shadow
Darkened over all;
One word could chill the gladness,
It came with bated breath,
And the bright cheek paled and the pulses thrilled,
And that awful word was *Death!*

II.

WHAT *IS* DEATH?

DEATH is the gate to the regions of glory,
Flooded with splendor, ineffable, bright,
'Tis the first page of Eternity's story,
Written in letters of light.

Death is the end of our sorrows and labors,
The bound where earth's crosses are gladly laid down;
'Tis the glad hour when, with triumph, the Master
Gives to each sufferer a crown.

Death is the pause in life's symphony endless,
Earth's part is finished, its discords and jars;
Then the soul wakes to the anthems of glory,
Swelling beyond the bright stars.

Death is the bursting of bud into blossom,
'Tis the reward of the Husbandman's care,
'Tis the rich harvest of grain full and golden,
Clusters of fruit ripe and fair.

Death is the waking of thought into action,
'Tis the fulfillment of earth's brightest dream;
All the soul's powers unfettered, untrammeled,
Working in glory supreme.

Death is the gathering of souls into Heaven,
'Tis the sweet welcome of wanderers who roam,
'Tis the dear sound of our Father's kind accents,
"Child, it is time to come home!"

Death is the coming of Jesus our Brother,
To take to the mansions above all His own,
Tenderly bearing each soul on His bosom,
Bearing to glory unknown!

Death is the rending of earth's veiling curtain,
'Tis the bright hour when faith's glass is removed;
When, "face to face," we shall see His full glory,
"Whom, having not seen, we have loved."

Death? 'tis not *death* that shall work all these wonders;
Death has been vanquished in glorious strife:
Jesus, the Victor, has broken his fetters—
Death is destroyed by the LIFE!

November 12th.

WATCH!

MATT. 24:42.

"WATCH! for ye know not the hour,"
When Christ your Lord shall come;
Come, with tender impatience,
To take His chosen home;

Home to "the place" He has made them,
Of beauty untold above;
Home to the house of the Father,
Home to His glory and love!

"Watch! for ye know not the hour!"
It may be He stands at the door;
It may be but a moment,
And your care and sin are o'er;
It may be His hand is lifted,
Even this moment to knock;
Are you waiting, are you watching,
With your hand upon the lock?

"Watch! for ye know not the hour!"
Suppose that He should come,
And find that you were not watching,
Or thinking of going home;
With all the house ungarnished,
And all the lights grown dim;
Suppose He should knock unheeded,
And no welcome ready for Him!

"Watch! for ye know not the hour!"
I am waiting, Lord, to catch

The first sound of Thy footfall,
With my hand upon the latch;
I am waiting, oh, blessed Jesus,
For the sound of Thy longed-for knock;
Then with an eager welcome,
Quick I shall turn the lock.

O glad, O blesséd hour!
It draweth on apace,
When my glorious Lord shall enter,
And I shall "see his face;"
And well do I remember,
That He calls those servants blest,
Who are found by their Master watching.
What words can tell the rest?

November 12th.

AFRAID?

"Aren't you afraid in the least?"

I'M waiting for Jesus to take me
To the home that He has made;
I am waiting to hear His longed-for knock,
My hand all ready to turn the lock:
Of what should I be afraid?

Is the daughter afraid to go home,
When the long school-days are ended?
Afraid of the welcome of father and mother,
The glad-ringing voice of sister and brother,
In loving welcome blended?

Is the child afraid to turn homeward,
When the evening hour is come?
Does he fear, when he hears the summons sweet,
Sounding so clear, his ears to greet,
And give new strength to his weary feet—
"Come, my darling, come home?"

Does the maiden fear the blissful hour,
When the chosen of her heart
Shall come to claim her as his own,
To live with him, and for him alone,
Never till death to part?

No, I have no fear, for my trusting heart
Can see nor doubt nor shade:
I am the daughter, whose school-days are over;
I am the tired and weary rover;
I am the maiden awaiting her lover:
Then how can I be afraid?

"But are'nt you afraid of the River
That rolls its sullen tide
Between this life and the other Shore—
The awful River you must past o'er,
So dark and deep and wide?"

Who told you there was any River?
My dear, and tender Lord,
Has told me everything I know
About that home to which I go;
But of that River's resistless flow,
He has never said one word.

"But then there is the 'Valley
Of the Shadow of Death;'
Do you not fear the awful shade?
Is not your very soul afraid
Of that Valley's icy breath?"

Yes, there is the "Valley of Shadow,"
Of that my Lord has told me;
But He says it is a restful shade,
Wherein I cannot feel afraid,
For His "rod and staff," my help are made,
While on His breast He will hold me.

"Your sins, surely they must affright you?"
They were all on Jesus laid;
"In His own body on the Tree."
He took them all away from me,
And cast them deep into the sea.
Then how can I be afraid?

No, my Sun shines brighter and brighter,
My sky is without a shade;
I know He will come to bear me to rest,
I know that the watching servants are blest;
I know that my longing His face to see,
Is nothing compared to His longing for me;
I know He "prepared," near his Father's throne,
"A place for" me, His very own;
I know that in that blesséd place
I "shall serve" and see Him "face to face:"
Then how can I be afraid?

November 14th.

"LET HIM KISS ME WITH THE KISSES OF HIS MOUTH."

If it were not in the Bible,
None could ever believe it;
No one would dare to raise such prayer,
Or ask for faith to receive it.
Can it be, O heart of mine!
That this wondrous Word is thine?
I know how His smile can shine,
That His "love is better than wine:"
But,
Will He kiss *me* "with the kisses of His mouth?"

In the legend old of Moses,
As the Rabbins tell the story,
When the man of God, the Mount had trod,
And seen the promised glory;
There, on the lone mountain side,
Silence round him far and wide,
With his Maker by his side,
They say that he in rapture died;
For
God kissed him "with the kisses of His mouth."

Is this story naught but fable—
Have we no right to believe it?
It well may seem but a fanciful dream,
To him who cannot receive it;
But, Heart, say how would it be,
If Jesus, who died for me,
Whose face I so long to see,
Should treat me so graciously,
As
To "kiss me with the kisses of His mouth?"

I am sure if He should do it,
I could not wait any longer;
My soul could not stay in bonds of clay,
Its wings by that kiss made stronger.
I think that when He shall come
To carry my spirit home,
That I may not doubt or fear,
He will draw me very near,
And
"Kiss me with the kisses of His mouth!'

Then I shall die of rapture,
Like Moses in the story;
Clasped to His breast in perfect rest,

I shall enter the realms of glory :
While eternal ages roll
O'er my blest and sinless soul,
I can ne'er forget that hour supreme,
My waking from earth's long dream,
When
He kissed me "with the kisses of His mouth!"

November 14th.

"I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH."

Wearied with pain, O Lord!
Thy gentle touch
Has soothed the quivering nerves,
And such
The virtue flowing from Thy healing fingers,
That my eyes cease to keep
Their weary watch. I sleep,
But while the wished and watched for daylight lingers
In the still gloom that fills the room,
My heart waketh.

Waketh for Thee, O Lord!
Thy blessed feet!
Quickly to lift the latch,
And meet
Thy gracious, loving glance, so sweet and cheering.
So, even while I sleep,
My heart doth ceaseless keep
The watch of those who love Thy bright appearing.
Until Thou come to take me home,
My heart waketh!

November 15th.

"MY LORD DELAYETH HIS COMING."

LORD, dost Thou know I am waiting,
Longing, and watching for Thee?
Counting the moments as hours,
Until Thy face I see;
Questioning, "is He not coming?"
Asking it o'er and o'er—
Listening for Thy knock, Lord,
Longing to open the door.

I thought last night He was coming,
That I heard Him at the gate;

But He only sent a message—
"A little longer wait;
I, too, am watching, and waiting
For the glad hour to come,
When I shall bear thy spirit
Rejoicing to thy home.

"But I want thee, O my servant,
To suffer for Me still;
'Tis well to long for thy Master,
But 'tis better to do His will."
So I cried unto my strong Jesus
Whose love is so tender and great;
Strengthen my longing spirit,
Make me willing to wait.

I am glad that He asked me to suffer;
Because I surely know
I can never do that for Him,
In the Home to which I go.
And I am sure I shall not be sorry
When My Lord does really come;
That I suffered a little longer
Before He took me Home.

November 17th.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

I THANK Thee, O my God! for all the grace
Vouchsafed to me, so needy and so weak;
The ceaseless shining of Thy radiant face;
Thy tender voice, which constantly doth speak
To me such words of strength and cheering love,
A foretaste of the intercourse above.

I thank Thee, O my God! that though my pain
Grows greater every day, and my strength less,
That more and more Thou 'stablishest Thy reign
Within my heart, and more and more dost bless
Thy weary one, who, safe from doubts and harms,
Rests ever in the "Everlasting Arms."

I thank Thee, O my God! that Thou dost sit
Patient, as the Refiner of my soul;
Guiding the flames that melt the dross from it,
With the wise love that has decreed the whole;
Watching until the pure and silvery shine
Flash back in beauty that sweet smile of Thine.

I thank Thee, O my God! that though to me
Thou hast denied the festive joys of earth,
Yet on my bed of pain I lift to Thee
A grateful heart of love and holy mirth,
And sing with ardent love and glowing praise
Thy Name, who art the joy of all my days.

For it is all of Thee, Thy radiant light,
O tender Christ! illumines all my way;
Thou givest me sweet songs in deepest night,
Therefore I keep this glad Thanksgiving Day.
Well may I raise a loving song to Thee,
O blessed Lord, who art so much to me!

Well may I keep Thanksgiving day, who dwell
Safe in the shelter of Thy secret place;
Well may my heart with joy and rapture swell,
Who hope so soon to see Thy lovely Face.
Take, Lord, this song, unworthy though it be,
Until I spend Thanksgiving Day with Thee!

November 25th.

"THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALLETH FOR THEE."

To one dear to her, she said: "There is yet one song I should like to write, 'The Master has Come, and Calleth for Thee,' but I shall have to leave it till I get to Heaven."

"Unless I write it for you?"

"I wish you would," she replied.

EARLY in the afternoon,
Ere the work of the day was done,
For our loved one came the Master.
Long had she waited for His knock,
With her hand "ever on the lock,"
For she knew that He would come.
We had often thought before
His blessed feet were at the door,
And, "Dear Heart," we had said,
"He has come, and calleth for thee."
Yet He spoke not. But instead
She whispered, "Lay me down to bear;
It is sweet to lie here still,
Wishing nothing but His will."

And still the days of mortal pain
Came and went; until again
We said, "Surely He has come."

Yet He tarried, that she might fulfill
Still more perfectly His will;
And through thirst and hunger know
As she only could below,
His "fellowship of suffering;"
His will, she found her blessed "meat,"
He gave her the "Bread of Life" to eat;
And often when our hearts were breaking,
And her parched throat and lips were aching,
She would say, all comfort taking,
"His love is better than wine."

Patient, "happy, blessed child,"
She lay there "watching ever;"
Longing, yearning for His face,
Yet impatient never;
Dwelling in "His secret place,"
"Under His wings abiding,"
Tasting all the wondrous grace
Of His dear providing;
Proving more and more each day,
As she went her "blessed way,"
The love of her "Wonderful Jesus!"

But at last, one afternoon,
We knew that He had come.

And low, so that we could not hear,
He whispered in that list'ning ear,
"I have come to take thee home."
By that dear "waking" heart was heard
The Master's longed-for blessed word,
And smiling, she opened her loving eyes
In the full light of Paradise,
To dwell with Him, His face to see,
"For where He is shall His servants be;"
And whither our loved one went we know,
Some happy day, we too shall go;
And sweet to our ears will the message be,
"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

SELECTIONS FROM EARLIER POEMS.

THE GRACIOUS INVITATION.

MATT. 11: 28.

WHEN the heart is bowed with anguish,
When bright hopes and dreams are o'er;
When in deepest night we languish,
Weeping, mourning, oh, so sore!
Then, like strains of sweetest music,
Thrilling every weary breast,
Comes this precious word of Jesus:
"Oh, ye weary, heavy laden, come to Me and rest!"

Earth looks dark, and Heaven looks distant,
Tears bedim our weeping eyes;
In the spirit's utter weakness
Faithless fears and questions rise:
Then like holy benediction
To the soul by troubles pressed,
Comes the gracious invitation,
"Oh, ye weary, heavy laden, come to Me and rest!"

When we're weary with the journey
Up life's hill-side, hard and steep;
When through dark and gloomy hours
Ceaseless watch our spirits keep;
From those lips of rarest sweetness,
To each weary soul addressed,
Comes the gracious invitation,
"Oh, ye weary, heavy laden, come to Me and rest!"

Sweetest words, oh, blessed Saviour,
Are those words of love and power!
Comforting in deepest sorrow,
Cheering e'en the darkest hour;
Softly, gently, through earth's noises,
To the soul by cares oppressed,
Comes the gracious invitation,
"Oh, ye weary, heavy laden, come to Me and rest!"

Sweetest rest for weary pilgrims,
Sweetest rest for aching hearts!
From the bosom of the Saviour
Loving pity ne'er departs;

Ever in life's stormy battle,
Tenderly to souls distressed,
Comes the gracious invitation,
"Oh, ye weary, heavy laden, come to Me and rest!"

Not till life on earth is ended,
Must the weary spirit wait
For the rest so sorely needed;
Long before we reach the gate
Of the bright, celestial City,
To the weary, saddened breast,
Comes the gracious invitation,
"Oh, ye weary, heavy laden, come to Me and rest!"

"I AM THY SALVATION."

My Lord, I come to Thee,
I cannot choose but come;
Thou drawest me by Thy love
No more to roam.
But I am sad and burdened sore with sin,
Tender Lord Jesus, wilt Thou take me in?

"Child, did I e'er reject
One soul that came to me?
My full heart's crimson tide
Was shed for thee;
In that pure stream I will wash out thy stains:
Tremble no more; what doubt or fear remains?"

O Lord, I am not fit
To touch Thy blessed feet;
It cannot be for me
Thy mercy sweet;
I cannot touch Thee, Lord, so fair, so clean—
My sins, O Lord! my sins they come between.

"My child, that cannot be,
For all thy sins I bore
Upon the shameful cross;
This strife give o'er,
Lay down thy sins and sorrows at my feet,
And thou shalt find my loving welcome sweet."

But, Lord, they are so dark,
They are so great, so deep;
They hold me tight and close;

They seem to steep
My soul in blackness as of night,
It cannot enter in Thy holy sight.

"My child, list thou to Me,
And mark well every word:
Thou knowest Him Who speaks,
Thy faithful Lord;
Thou knowest that my lips can never lie,
Thou knowest I cannot mine own self deny.

"*I* say, thou art forgiven;
I say that thou art clean,
No guilt upon thy soul
Can come between
Thee and the rest and healing thou dost crave;
O doubting soul! 'twas thee I died to save.

"If there had never been
Any but thy lost soul,
I should have died for thee:
Thou hast the whole
Of that rich tide of love that once did start
From out thy Saviour's bleeding, broken heart.

"Child, is it not enough?
Must I do more for thee?
Child, oh, thou weary child!
Come, come to Me:
Closely I'll clasp my loving arms about
Thee, and I'll never, never cast thee out.

"Thy sins do hold thee close,
But not so close as I;
Strong have I been to love,
And strong to die.
Come, and for thee the conflict I will win,
For I am stronger far, than all thy sin.

THE ATTRACTING POWER OF THE CROSS.

WHAT mean these hurrying throngs, these angry faces,
These raging voices borne upon the air?
The crowds come pouring forth from distant places,
We see them, hear them shouting everywhere.

They come with steady tramp without the city,
Dragging among them one weak, helpless form;

Onward they march, relentless, without pity;
Oh, the dread mutterings of that human storm!

On to the height of Calvary's rude summit
They drag their Victim, full of cruel wrath;
Regarding not His weariness and languor,
They force Him onward up the stony path.

With taunts and jeers and harsh and cruel sneering
They fill His ears, Whose every word was love;
Not all their Victim's gentle, wordless patience,
Availeth aught their purposes to move.

They bear Him on, and to the tree accurséd
Affix those gentle hands, those tireless feet,
That roamed for them Judea's hills and valleys,
Engaged in works of love and healing sweet.

The awful deed is done — the sun is darkened,
The earth upheaves, the rocks and graves are torn;
The Son of God has died, His work is finished,
Upon the cross He yields His life 'mid scorn

And shame and woe. Forsaken by His Father,
He drank for us the bitter, bitter cup.

His mission is accomplished, between earth and
Heaven
He on the shameful tree is "lifted up."

Yes, "lifted up," indeed, Thou art, O Saviour!
Not on a throne of kingly pomp and power,
But lifted up before all hearts forever
Wert Thou in that Thy darkest, bitterest hour.

And from the depth of Thy humiliation
Shall shine with glory bright Thy wondrous love,
The cross, of earthly shame and scorn the symbol,
Shall be all highest, brightest crowns above.

For centuries the poet and the painter
Have dwelt upon the haunting, moving tale,
And men have gazed, and turned again to ponder
Upon those wondrous scenes, that never fail

To fill the heart with strange and ceaseless wonder;
And men have listened while the poet sung
Of Jesus Christ the crucified, and lingered
And on his lips with breathless interest hung.

And strong and cultured intellects have studied,
And through the ages sent the question on,

"What think ye of Christ Jesus? The great
Teacher,
Was He in very truth of God the Son?"

And to the sad and darkened human spirit,
Filled with earth's anguish, burdened with
earth's load,
The story comes like sweetest, heavenly music,
And lifts the heart in love and praise to God.

Thus are fulfilled the words that Thou didst utter;
Through all the agony, the shame, the loss,
Thou didst foresee that naught in all earth's story
Could rival the sweet story of the Cross.

Around the Cross, our hope and trust all gather,
Beneath that cross in reverent love we lie,
And as the ages roll, shall grow its power,
Drawing all men to Thee, Who there didst die.

Still draw us by Thy cross, O blesséd Saviour;
Still let its light shine forth from sea to sea,
Till every blood-bought soul of every nation,
Shall find all life and joy and love in Thee.

NOTHING CAN HARM THE CHRISTIAN.

HOSEA 2 : 18.

NOTHING can harm the Christian !
In sorrow's deepest night,
Above him still love's radiance beams,
Upon him still the glory streams
From Him who is " the Light."

Nothing can harm the Christian !
All Satan's deadliest wiles,
His poisoned darts and secret snares,
Are foiled by faith's entreating prayers,
Beneath the Saviour's smiles.

Nothing can harm the Christian !
Forever at his side
There stands one Friend thro' day and night ;
Through sorrow's storm and pleasure's light ;
He will for aye abide.

Nothing can harm the Christian !
Death keeps no more dark tryst ;

There is no Death, only a door
Is opened, and forevermore
  The Christian is with Christ!

Nothing can harm the Christian!
  E'en God's all-seeing eye
Can find no record in His Book
Against His soul; from His dread look,
  The Christian need not fly.

Nothing can harm the Christian!
  For he is not alone:
Clothed by those pierced, atoning Hands,
Wrapped in Christ's Righteousness, he stands
  Before the Great White Throne.

Nothing can harm the Christian!
  God finds in him no stain.
Who can condemn? 'Tis Christ that died;
Forever at his dear Lord's side,
  In glory he shall reign.

"WHEN I AM WEAK, THEN AM I STRONG."

I AM too weak to cling!
  My weary hands
Nerveless and empty fall;
Jesus my Strength, my All!
  Before Thee my weak spirit stands:
Look, O my King!

I struggled long in vain!
  The fearful shock
Took strength and sense away;
I could not even pray,
  Nor stretch my trembling grasp towards the
    Rock;
See Thou my pain.

Thy loving hand was near,
  It touched my hand;
Thy strong arm clasped me close;
Beneath Thy blessed Cross
Sheltered and firm I stand, without a fear.

The " Everlasting Arms,"
  With swift embrace,
Lift me to Thy dear breast;
There held by Thee I rest,
  Almost I see Thy radiant face;
I fear no harms.

Firmly I trust Thy love,
  For Thou hast given
To me that loving faith
That knows in life or death
  Thou givest strength, and love, and heaven:
That strength I prove.

Though grief my heart may tear,
  Yet Thou art near;
Though sorrow's heavy pall
On my weak spirit fall—
  Beneath that shade I cannot fear
For thou art there.

Then, when too weak to cling,
  My struggles cease,
I fall upon Thy breast,
And find a heavenly rest;
  For I am kept in " perfect peace "
By Thee, my King!

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

EARTH'S joys are bright and dazzling,
Their beauty I can see;
But they have no power to charm my soul,
For Christ is all to me.

Dost thou know what He did to save me?
Listen! I'll tell it to thee;
And then thou no longer wilt wonder
That Christ is All to me.

I was bound in a deadly bondage,
I did not care to flee;
He showed me my woe, and he told me,
That He would be All to me.

At first I did not believe Him—
At first I would not see;
But He showed me at last the need of my soul,
That He should be All to me.

I could not cast off that bondage,
Though I longed, and toiled to be free;
Then Jesus vanquished my soul's dark foe,
And made Himself All to me.

I had sinned, ah! deeply and darkly,
God's wrath I could not flee;
I could never bear the penalty,
But Christ was All to me.

Do you know how He paid my ransom?
In agony on the Tree;
'Mid scorn, and shame, and cruel pangs—
Do you wonder He's all to me?

And then He patiently led me
That grace and love to see;
By His Spirit of wisdom and patient love,
He made Himself All to me.

I cannot describe His patience—
How He willed that I should be
Wholly His own; how He worked in my soul,
HE, who is All to me.

His love He has lavished upon me,
Boundless, unspeakable, free;
Now, you cannot wonder that Jesus
Is "All and in All to me."

His presence is with me always,
Though His face I cannot see;
But when earth-life is ended and glory is mine,
When that loving smile upon me shall shine,
Oh! then I shall sing on the Heavenly shore,
The song I have sung on earth before—
Christ is "All and in All" to me.

"SHADOWS."

"Oh! sadly fall on hill and lea
The shadows of the weary day;
And wafted from the wailing sea,
A low long murmur seems to say,
To say:
'Shine on, thou golden sun;
Thine hour will soon be done!
Ah! well-a-day!'

"Cold drives the rain upon the world,
And homeless is the north wind's cry;
And 'mid the darkness, thickly curled,
Sad tones of sorrow seem to sigh,

To sigh:
'Bloom on, thou shining rose,
Thy short life soon will close,
For thou must die!'

"Oh! sadly fall on loving hearts
The shadows of life's weary way;
And heedless of the tear that starts,
A mournful message seems to say,
To say:
'Thee and thy love, the tomb
Soon, soon will fold in gloom!
Ah! well-a-day!'"

From the N. Y. Tribune.

[ANSWER.]

LIGHT.

Oh! brightly falls through rifted clouds
The radiance of the coming day;
And through the hovering mist that shrouds
Our earthly future, seems to say,
To say:
"Hope on through toil and sorrow,

For soon the glorious morrow
Shall be to-day!"

Patience, her gentle finger lays
On weary heart and weeping eye;
Beyond still wait us golden days,
And from above we hear a cry,
A cry:
"Sorrow's fierce strokes shall cease,
Thou shalt find endless peace,
With Christ on high!"

Tears falling fast shut out the light;
Onward we go, what hope, what choice?
Before us lies the tomb's dark night;
But listen! we can hear His voice,
His voice:
"I have abolished death;
Be strong in that bright faith—
Look up, rejoice."

"HE KNOWS AND HE LOVES."

He knows, ah! well He knows, for He was tempted,
That He might deeper love and succor give.
If He, the Son of God, was not exempted,
How can we murmur that so oft we grieve?
If through His griefs our "Captain" "perfect" grew,
May not our trials make us perfect too?

He knows, my Blessed Saviour knows my sorrow,
He yearns to comfort, and He stoops to cheer;
He points my faltering faith to that to-morrow
When I shall meet again my children dear;
When I shall clasp them to my raptured heart,
In that bright Heaven, never more to part!

He knows that often Satan's dark suggestions
A warring tumult in my bosom make;
That he, by murmuring rebellious questions,
Attempts my love and faith in God to shake;
He asks so often, "*Is* it for the best?"
That it is hard in perfect trust to rest.

How oft he takes advantage of my sadness,
To whisper to me murmuring doubts and fears;
He asks me, "Canst thou still believe in gladness?
Canst thou see future joy through these sad tears?
Canst thou believe that after this dark night,
Shall dawn a joyful morning, sunshine bright?"

And I can answer, "Yes!" For He who knoweth
My utter weakness and my Tempter's power,
To my faint heart in strength and glory showeth,
That though above me heavy clouds may lower,
Shadowing my pathway, ever still above
Shines from my Father's Throne the light of love.

He loves! It was His love ordained my trial,
He sent my sorrows, He imposed my loss;
That, in the midst of grief and self-denial,
I should "come after" Him, bearing my cross,—
Knowing that when I lay my burden down,
As I have shared His cross, I'll share His crown.

And still, though heavy clouds around me gather,
I know in grief His faithfulness He proves;

Therefore I will not doubt or fear, but rather
Rejoice in the sweet thought, "He knows and loves;"
He knows my sorrow, all my weakness proves,
And, in His tenderness, forgives and loves.

And when life's cares and griefs shall all be ended,
When my glad eyes have bid farewell to tears;
When through Death's portal, by my Lord befriended,
I shall pass safe, feeling no doubts nor fears,—
In the bright light that shines from Jesus' Throne,
Earth's darkness past,—I'll "know as I am known!"

OCTOBER 31ST, 1867.

He has been in Heaven three years to-day,
My beautiful boy with the soft brown eyes;
He has been in Heaven three years to-day,
Three years in glory beyond the skies.

Three years in the Saviour's arms of love,
Three years in the Gentle Shepherd's fold;

Three years in the Beautiful Land above,
Three years in the wonderful City of Gold.

Together they dwell, my boys so fair,
Together they praise the Lord they love:
Together one day I shall find them there,
When I, too, am called to my home above.

On earth o'er their graves I will not weep;
Tears may not fall when Faith can soar
And see the glory in which they dwell—
The radiant light of the Heavenly Shore.

No! I thank Thee, dear Saviour, that with Thee above,
Dwell my darlings, forever safe and blest,
Wrapped in a fonder than mother's love,
Sheltered so tenderly on Thy breast.

I joy in their Joy, I am glad in their bliss,
I would not recall them, if that could be;
For naught do I thank Thee more truly than this,
That my boys are forever safe with Thee.

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